

MISSIONARY
HYMNS.

MISSIONARY HYMNS.



✓
Presbyterian Church
in the U.S.A.

PHILADELPHIA:

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

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MISSIONARY HYMNS

I.

L. M.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
3. People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
4. Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.
5. Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

2.

11s & 10s.

1. Wake thee, O Zion ! thy mourning is ended,
God, thine own God, hath regarded thy
prayer ;
Wake thee, and hail Him, in glory descended,
Thy darkness to scatter, thy wastes to
repair.
2. Wake thee, O Zion ! His Spirit of power
To newness of life is awaking the dead ;
Array thee in beauty, and greet the glad hour
That brings thee salvation, through Jesus
who bled.
3. Saviour ! we gladly, with voices resounding,
Loud as the thunder, our voices would
swell ;
Till, from the mountains, its echoes re-
bounding,
To all the wide world, of salvation shall
tell !

Ray Palmer, 1862.

3.

8s & 7s.

1. He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.
2. Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine ;
Precious fruits will thus be given
Through an influence all divine.
3. Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy ;

Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
 Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4. Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
 See the rising grain appear;
 Look again! the fields are whitening,
 For the harvest time is near.

Thomas Hastings, 1836.

4.

7s & 6s.

1. Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater Son!
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun!
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

2. He shall come down, like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
 Spring in His path to birth:
 Before Him on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

3. For Him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing,—
 A kingdom without end;
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand for ever;
 That name to us is—Love.

James Montgomery, 1822.

5.

7s.

1. Hark!—the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,—
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore;—
“Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign!”
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
2. Hallelujah!—hark!—the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation’s harmonies.
See Jehovah’s banner furled!
Sheathed His sword! He speaks—’tis
done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.
3. He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end:—beneath His rod,
Man’s last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah!—Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

James Montgomery, 1819.

6.

L. M.

1. Sovereign of worlds! display Thy power;
Be this Thy Zion’s favored hour:
Oh, bid the morning star arise!
Oh, point the heathen to the skies!

2. Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds and eastern plains ;
Far let the gospel's sound be known ;
Make Thou the universe Thine own.
3. Speak ! and the world shall hear Thy voice ;
Speak ! and the desert shall rejoice :
Dispel the gloom of heathen night ;
Bid every nation hail the light.

B. H. Draper, 1816.

7.

8s, 7s & 4.

1. Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion kept by power divine ;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine.

Happy Zion !
What a favored lot is thine !
2. Every human tie may perish ;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
Heaven and earth at last remove ;

But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.
3. In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee ;
Thou art precious in His sight ;

God is with thee,—
God, thine everlasting light.

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

8.

C. M.

1. Shine, mighty God ! on Zion shine
With beams of heavenly grace ;
Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,
And show Thy smiling face.
2. When shall Thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God ?
3. Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands !
Sing loud with solemn voice ;
Let every tongue exalt His praise,
And every heart rejoice.
4. He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
In wisdom rules the worlds He made,
And bids them taste His love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

9.

7s & 6s.

1. Oh, that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home !
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane ?
Return, O Lord ! in pity,
Rebuild her walls again.
2. Let fall Thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart ;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart ;

Let Israel, home returning,
 Their lost Messiah see ;
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bind Thy church to Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

10.

7s.

1. See, the ripened, waving grain
 Beckon for the reaper's hand
 Ripe and ready—yet in vain
 Comes the sign from foreign land.
2. See yon fair and fruitful field,
 Shaken by the whirlwind's breath ;
 See its wasting harvest yield
 To the unsparing reaper—death
3. Wherefore named we Jesus' name,
 If we shun His work to share ?
 Who will take the cross, the shame ?
 Who will for the field prepare ?
4. Christian, doubt not, shrink not thou
 God will be thy trust, thy stay ;
 He the cloud to shade thy brow,
 He the light to guide thy way.

Mrs. Gray.

11.

L. M.

1. Arm of the Lord ! awake, awake ;
 Put on Thy strength, the nations shake ;
 And let the world, adoring, see
 Triumphs of mercy, wrought by Thee.
2. Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,
 "I am Jehovah—God alone!"

Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3. No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.
4. Almighty God! Thy grace proclaim,
In every land declare Thy name,
Till adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—Lord of all.

William Shrubsole, 1776.

12.

C. M.

1. Lord! send Thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with Thy Spirit's power;
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.
2. Beneath the influence of its grace,
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits arrayed,—
A blooming paradise.
3. Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.
4. Lord! for these days we wait;—these days
Are in Thy word foretold:
Fly swifter, sun and stars! and bring
This promised age of gold.

Thomas Gibbons, 1769.

13.

8s, 7s & 4.

1. On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo ! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,—
Zion, long in hostile lands :
Mourning captive !
God Himself will loose thy bands.
2. Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved ?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?
Cease thy mourning ;—
Zion still is well beloved.
3. God, thy God, will now restore thee,
He, Himself appears thy friend ;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end ;
Great deliverance
Zion's king will quickly send.

*Thomas Kelly, 1809.***14.****P. M.**

1. Zion, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His
birth ;
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon
earth.

CHORUS.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing !
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !

2. Tell how He cometh ; from nation to nation,
 The heart-cheering news let the earth
 echo round ;

How free to the faithful He offers salvation !

How His people with joy everlasting are
 crowned !

Chorus—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3. Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
 And sweet let the gladsome hosanna
 arise ;

Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing ;
 One chorus resound through the earth
 and the skies.

Chorus—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Muhlenberg.

15.

L. M.

1. O Spirit of the living God !

In all Thy plenitude of grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend on our apostate race.

2. Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,

To preach the reconciling word ;
 Give power and unction from above,
 Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3. Be darkness, at Thy coming, light,

Confusion—order, in Thy path ;
 Souls without strength, inspire with might ;
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4. O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare

A sinful world their God to meet ;
 Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
 Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5. Baptize the nations ; far and nigh,
 The triumphs of the cross record ;
 The name of Jesus glorify,
 Till every kindred call Him Lord.

James Montgomery, 1825.

16.

L. M.

1. Soon may the last glad song arise
 Through all the millions of the skies,—
 That song of triumph, which records
 That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2. Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
 Obedient, mighty God ! to Thee ;
 And over land, and stream, and main,
 Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign.

3. Oh, that the anthem, now might swell,
 And host to host the triumph tell,—
 That not one rebel heart remains,
 But over all the Saviour reigns.

Anon., 1829.

17.

H. M.

1. All hail ! incarnate God !
 The wondrous things foretold
 Of Thee, in sacred writ,
 With joy our eyes behold ;
 Still does Thine arm new trophies wear,
 And monuments of glory rear.

2. Oh, haste, victorious Prince !
 That glorious, happy day,
 When souls, like drops of dew,
 Shall own Thy gentle sway ;
 Oh, may it bless our longing eyes,
 And bear our shouts beyond the skies !

3. All hail ! triumphant Lord !
 Eternal be Thy reign ;
 Behold the nations sue
 To wear Thy gentle chain :
 When earth and time are known no more,
 Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

Elizabeth Scott, 1763.

18.

C. M.

1. Great God ! the nations of the earth
 Are by creation Thine ;
 And, in Thy works, by all beheld,
 Thy radiant glories shine.

2. But, Lord ! Thy greater love has sent
 Thy gospel to mankind,
 Unveiling what rich stores of grace
 Are treasured in Thy mind.

3. Lord ! when shall these glad tidings spread
 The spacious earth around,
 Till every tribe and every soul,
 Shall hear the joyful sound ?

4. Smile, Lord ! on each divine attempt
 To spread the gospel's rays,
 And build, on sin's demolished throne,
 The temples of Thy praise.

Thomas Gibbons, 1769.

19.

8s & 7s.

1. Hark ! what mean those lamentations
 Rolling sadly through the sky ?
 'Tis the cry of heathen nations—
 "Come and help us, or we die!"

2. Hear the heathen's sad complaining ;
 Christians, hear their dying cry,
 And, the love of Christ constraining,
 Haste to help them, ere they die.

John Cawood.

20.

8s, 7s & 4.

1. Souls in heathen darkness lying,
 Where no light has broken through ;
 Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
 Whom His soul in travail knew ;—
 Thousand voices
 Call us, o'er the waters blue.

2. Christians, hearken ! none has taught them
 Of His love so deep and dear ;
 Of the precious price that bought them ;
 Of the nail, the thorn, the spear ;
 Ye who know Him,
 Guide them from their darkness drear !

3. Lo ! the hills for harvest whiten,
 All along each distant shore ;
 Seaward far the islands brighten,
 Light of nations ! lead us o'er :
 When we seek them,
 Let Thy Spirit go before.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.

21.

L. M.

1. Jesus ! we bow before Thy throne,
 We lift our eyes to seek Thy face ;
 To bleeding hearts Thy love make known,
 On contrite souls bestow Thy grace.

2. See, spread beneath Thy gracious eye,
A world o'erwhelmed in guilt and tears;
Where deathless souls in ruin lie,
And no kind voice dispels their fears!
3. Lord! arm Thy truth with power divine,
Its conquests spread from shore to shore,
Till suns and stars forget to shine,
And earth and skies shall be no more.
4. Oh! rise, ye ransomed captives! rise,
Peal the loud anthem here below;
Let earth reflect it to the skies,
And heaven with new-born rapture glow.

Nathan S. S. Beman, 1832.

22.**L. M.**

1. Disowned of Heaven, by man oppressed,
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground,
Oh, why should Israel's sons, once blessed,
Still roam the scorning world around?
2. Lord! visit Thy forsaken race,
Back to Thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.
3. The veil of darkness rend in twain
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light,
The severed olive branch again,
Firm to its parent stock unite.
4. Hail, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall
pour;
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore!

23.

7s & 6s.

1. How beauteous, on the mountains,
The feet of him that brings,
Like streams from living fountains,
Good tidings of good things ;
That publisheth salvation,
And jubilee release,
To every tribe and nation,
God's reign of joy and peace !
2. Lift up thy voice, O watchman !
And shout, from Zion's towers,
Thy hallelujah chorus,—
“ The victory is ours ! ”
The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown,
And Jesus, Judah's lion,
Shall wear His rightful crown.
3. Break forth in hymns of gladness,
O waste Jerusalem !
Let songs, instead of sadness,
Thy jubilee proclaim ;
The Lord, in strength victorious,
Upon thy foes hath trod ;
Behold, O earth ! the glorious
Salvation of our God !

Benjamin Gough, 1865.

24.

S. M.

1. O God of sovereign grace !
We bow before Thy throne,
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of Thy Son.

2. Spread through the earth, O Lord !
 The knowledge of Thy ways ;
 And let all lands with joy record
 The great Redeemer's praise.

Melrose, 1825.

25.

7s & 6s.

1. The whole wide world for Jesus !
 Once more before we part,
 Ring out the joyful watchword
 From every grateful heart.
 The whole wide world for Jesus !
 Be this our battle-cry,
 The lifted cross our oriflamme,
 A sign to conquer by !

2. The whole wide world for Jesus !
 From out the Golden Gate,
 Through all Pacific's sunny isles
 To China's princely state ;
 From India's vales and mountains,
 Through Persia's land of bloom,
 To storied Palestina
 And Afric's desert gloom ;

3. The whole wide world for Jesus,
 Through all its fragrant zones !
 Ring out again the watchword
 In loftiest, gladdest tones.
 The whole wide world for Jesus !
 We'll wing the song with prayer,
 And link the prayer with labor,
 Till Christ His crown shall wear.

K. H. J., 1873.

26.**7s & 6s.**

1. I love to tell the story
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and His love.
 I love to tell the story,
 Because I know it's true
 It satisfies my longings
 As nothing else can do.
 I love to tell the story,
 'Twill be my theme in glory,
 To tell the old, old story,
 Of Jesus and His love.
2. I love to tell the story ;
 More wonderful it seems
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all our golden dreams,
 I love to tell the story,
 It did so much for me ;
 And that is just the reason
 I tell it now to thee.
3. I love to tell the story ;
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet.
 I love to tell the story,
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation
 From God's own holy word.
4. I love to tell the story ;
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.

And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the new, new song,
 'Twill be the old, old story
 That I have loved so long.

Kate Hankey.

27.

L. M.

1. Thy people, Lord ! who trust Thy word,
 And wait the smilings of Thy face,
 Assemble round Thy mercy seat,
 And plead the promise of Thy grace.
2. Hast Thou not sworn to give Thy Son,
 To be a light to Gentile lands ;
 To open the benighted eyes,
 And loose the wretched prisoners' bands ?
3. Hast Thou not said,—from sea to sea,
 His vast dominion shall extend ?
 That every tongue shall call Him Lord,
 And every knee before Him bend ?
4. Now let the happy time appear,
 The time to favor Zion come ;
 Send forth Thy heralds far and near,
 To call Thy banished children home.

Mrs. Voke, 1806.

28.

L. M.

1. O Israel ! to thy tents repair ;
 Why thus secure on hostile ground ?
 The King commands thee to beware,
 For many foes thy camp surround.
2. The trumpet gives a martial strain ;
 O Israel ! gird thee for the fight ;

Arise, the combat to maintain,
And put thine enemies to flight !

3. Thou shouldst not sleep as others do ;
Awake ! be vigilant ! be brave !
The coward, and the slaggard too,
Must wear the fetters of the slave.
4. A nobler lot is cast for thee,
A kingdom waits thee in the skies ;
With such a hope, shall Israel flee,
Or yield, through weariness, the prize ?
5. No ; let a careless world repose
And slumber on through life's short day,
While Israel to the conflict goes,
And bears the glorious prize away.

Thomas Kelly.

29.

7s.

1. Watchman ! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.—
Traveller ! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star !
Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell ?—
Traveller ! yes ; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.
2. Watchman ! tell us of the night ;
Higher yet that star ascends.—
Traveller ! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends !
Watchman ! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
Traveller ! ages are its own ;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth !

3. Watchman! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.—
 Traveller! darkness takes it flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.—
 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home!—
 Traveller! lo! the Prince of peace,
 Lo! the Son of God, is come!

John Bowring, 1825.

30.

L. M.

1. Ascend Thy throne, almighty King!
 And spread Thy glories all abroad;
 Let Thine own arm salvation bring,
 And be Thou known the gracious God.

2. Let millions bow before Thy seat;
 Let humble mourners see Thy face;
 Bring daring rebels to Thy feet,
 Subdued by Thy victorious grace.

3. Oh, let the kingdoms of the world,
 Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
 Let saints and angels praise Thy name,—
 Be Thou through heaven and earth adored.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

31.

7s & 6s.

1. The morning light is breaking;
 The darkness disappears;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears;
 Each breeze, that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us
 Are opening every hour ;
 Each cry, to heaven going,
 Abundant answers brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.

3. See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above ;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
 A nation in a day.

4. Blest river of salvation !
 Pursue thine onward way ;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay :—
 Stay not, till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home ;
 Stay not, till all the holy
 Proclaim, “The Lord is come !”

Samuel F. Smith, 1843.

32.**7s & 6s.**

1. Roll on, thou mighty ocean !
 And as thy billows flow,
 Bear messengers of mercy
 To every land below.
 Arise, ye gales ! and waft them
 Safe to the destined shore ;
 That man may sit in darkness,
 And death's black shade, no more.

2. O Thou eternal Ruler !
 Who holdest, in Thine arm,
 The tempests of the ocean,—
 Protect them from all harm !
 Thy presence e'er be with them
 Wherever they may be ;
 Though far from us who love them,
 Still let them be with Thee.

James Edmeston, 1822.

33.

6s & 4s.

1. Thou, whose almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard
 And took their flight !
 Hear us, we humbly pray,
 And, where the gospel's day
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 “Let there be light !”

2. Thou, who didst come to bring,
 On Thy redeeming wing,
 Healing and sight,
 Health to the sick in mind,
 Sight to the inly blind,—
 Oh, now to all mankind
 “Let there be light !”

3. Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving holy Dove !
 Speed forth Thy flight ;
 Move o'er the waters' face,
 Bearing the lamp of grace,
 And in earth's darkest place,
 “Let there be light !”

4. Blessed and holy Three,
 All glorious Trinity,—
 Wisdom, Love, Might!
 Boundless as ocean's tide
 Rolling in fullest pride,
 Through the world, far and wide,—
 “Let there be light!”

John Marriott, 1813.

34.

8s, 7s & 4.

1. See, from Zion's sacred mountain,
 Streams of living water flow!
 God has opened there a fountain,
 That supplies the world below:
 They are blessed,
 Who its sovereign virtues know.

2. Through ten thousand channels flowing,
 Streams of mercy find their way;
 Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
 Making all around look gay:
 O ye nations,
 Hail the long expected day!

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

35.

8s & 7s.

1. Saviour! sprinkle many nations,
 Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
 By Thy pains and consolations,
 Draw the Gentiles unto Thee:
 Of Thy cross the wondrous story,
 Be it to the nations told;
 Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
 And Thy mercy manifold.

2. Far and wide, though all unknowing,
 Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
 Human tears for Thee are flowing,
 Human hearts in Thee would rest,
 Thirsting as for dews of even,
 As the new-mown grass for rain;
 Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
 Thee as man for sinners slain.

3. Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
 Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
 For Thy Spirit, new creating,
 Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
 Give the word, and of the preacher
 Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
 Till on earth, by every creature,
 Glory to the Lamb be sung!

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1851.

36.

7s & 6s.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,—
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2. What, though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile?
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,

The heathen in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone !

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,—
 Shall we to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! oh, salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds ! His story,
 And you, ye waters ! roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign !

Reginald Heber, 1819.

37.

C. M.

1. Oh, still in accents sweet and strong
 Sounds forth the ancient word :
 " More reapers for white harvest fields,
 More laborers for the Lord ! "

2. We hear the call ; in dreams no more
 In selfish ease we lie,
 But girded for our Father's work,
 Go forth beneath His sky.

3. Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
 And prayers of saints were sown,
 We, to their labors entering in,
 Would reap where they have strown.

Samuel Longfellow.

38.**6s & 4s.**

1. Christ for the world we sing !
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal ;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.
2. Christ for the world we sing !
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer ;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.
3. Christ for the world we sing !
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord ;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.
4. Christ for the world we sing !
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song ;
The new-born souls, whose days
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

*Samuel Wolcott, 1869.***39.****S. M.**

1. Thy name, almighty Lord !
Shall sound through distant lands ;

Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy word ;
Thy truth for ever stands.

2. Far be Thine honor spread,
And long Thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

40.

7s, 6 lines.

1. Say not, "For the harvest wait!"
Lift your eyes, the fields are white,
Laborers few, the harvest great;
Sowers, reapers, all unite,
Pray ye, to the Master,—pray,
Send the workers forth to-day !
2. Hands have plowed and seed been sown,
Fields now yield a hundred fold ;
Greater harvests ne'er were known,
Gather in the grains of gold !
Pray ye to the Master,—pray,
Send the workers forth to-day !
3. In the dark zenana homes,
We may speak of Mary's Child ;
Where the tawny Arab roams,
In the jungle's trackless wild.
Pray ye to the Master,—pray,
Send the teachers forth to-day !
4. Wages will the Master pay
Those who sow and those who reap ;
Would you on the festal day,
Join the "harvest home" to keep ?
Pray ye to the Master,—pray,
Send us to the fields to-day !

Anna M. Kennard, 1874.

41.

7s.

1. Hasten, Lord ! the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel's call obey.
2. Mightiest kings His power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore ;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
3. Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain ;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
4. Bless we, then, our gracious Lord :
Ever praise His glorious name ;
All His mighty acts record ;
All His wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

42.

8s & 7s.

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God !
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode :
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.
2. See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove ;

Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

3. Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near !
 Thus deriving, from their banner,
 Light by night, and shade by day
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which He gives them when they pray.

John Newton, 1779.

43.

7s.

1. Wake the song of jubilee ;
 Let it echo o'er the sea !
 Now is come the promised hour ;
 Jesus reigns with glorious power.
2. All ye nations ! join and sing ,
 Praise your Saviour, praise your King !
 Let it sound from shore to shore,—
 “Jesus reigns for evermore !”
3. Hark ! the desert lands rejoice ,
 And the islands join their voice ;
 Joy ! the whole creation sings,—
 “Jesus is the King of kings !”

Leonard Bacon, 1833.

44.

6s & 4s.

1. Working, O Christ, with Thee ,
 Working with Thee ,
 Unworthy, sinful, weak ,
 Although we be ;

Our all to Thee we give,
 For Thee alone would live,
 And by Thy grace achieve,—
 Working with Thee.

2. Saviour, we weary not
 Working with Thee ;
 As hard as Thine, *our* lot
 Can never be.
 Our joy and comfort this :—
 Thy grace sufficient is ;
 This changes toil to bliss,
 Working with Thee.

3. So let us labor on,
 Working with Thee,
 Till earth to Thee is won,
 From sin set free ;
 Till men from shore to shore,
 Receive Thee, and adore
 And join us evermore,
 Working with Thee.

Mrs. H. E. Brown.

45.

L. M.

1. Ye Christian heralds ! go, proclaim
 Salvation through Immanuel's name ;
 To distant climes the tidings bear,
 And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
 With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
 Bid raging winds their fury cease,
 And calm the savage breast to peace.

3. And when our labors all are o'er,
 Then we shall meet to part no more,—
 Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
 And crown our Jesus—Lord of all !

46.**8s, 7s & 4.**

1. O'er the realms of pagan darkness.
 Let the eye of pity gaze ;
 See the kindreds of the people,
 Lost in sin's bewildering maze ;—
 Darkness brooding
 On the face of all the earth !

2. Light of them that sit in darkness !
 Rise and shine, Thy blessings bring ;
 Light, to lighten all the Gentiles !
 Rise with healing in Thy wing.
 To Thy brightness,
 Let all kings and nations come.

3. May the heathen, now adoring
 Idol-gods of wood and stone,
 Come, and, worshipping before Him,
 Serve the living God alone :
 Let Thy glory
 Fill the earth, as floods the sea.

4. Thou, to whom all power is given !
 Speak the word ; at Thy command,
 Let the company of preachers
 Spread Thy name from land to land !
 Lord, be with them,
 Alway to the end of time !

Thomas Cotterill, 1819.

47.

7s & 6s.

1. Now be the gospel banner,
In every land, unfurled;
And be the shout,—“Hosanna!”
Reëchoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.
2. What, though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His power, throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord! victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious,—
Thine empire still increase.
3. Yes,—Thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

Thomas Hastings, 1830.

48.

7s, 6 lines.

1. Jesus, Master, whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All Thy bidding to fulfil;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

2. Lord, Thou needest not, I know,
 Service such as I can bring ;
 Yet I long to prove and show
 Full allegiance to my King.
 Thou an honor art to me,
 Let me be a praise to Thee.

3. Jesus, Master ! wilt Thou use
 One who owes Thee more than all ?
 As Thou wilt ! I would not choose,
 Only let me hear Thy call,
 Jesus ! let me always be
 In Thy service glad and free.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

49.

C. M.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come !
 Let earth receive her King ;
 Let every heart prepare Him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

2. Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns !
 Let men their songs employ ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
 plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.

3. No more let sin and sorrow grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;
 He comes to make His blessings flow,
 Far as the curse is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of His righteousness,
 And wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

50.

6s & 4s.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ !
More love to Thee !
Hear Thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee ;
This is my earnest plea,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee !
More love to Thee !
2. Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest ;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best ;
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee !
More love to Thee !
3. Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain ;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee !
More love to Thee !
4. Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise ;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,—
This still its prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee !
More love to Thee !

Mrs. Elizabeth P. Prentiss, 1869.

51.

C. M.

1. Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart !
Star of the coming day !

Arise, and with Thy morning beams,
Chase all our griefs away !

2. Come, blessed Lord, let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King !
3. Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy
In memory of Thy love.
4. Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine :
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine !

Sir Edward Denny.

52.

7s, 6 lines.

1. God of mercy, God of grace !
Show the brightness of Thy face ;
Shine upon us, Saviour ! shine ;
Fill Thy church with light divine,
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.
2. Let the people praise Thee, Lord !
Be by all that live adored ;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.
3. Let the people praise Thee, Lord !
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;

God to man His blessing give ;
 Man to God devoted live ;
 All below and all above,
 One in joy, in light, in love.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

53.

11s & 10s.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning !
 Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain !
 Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning !
 Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.
2. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
 Long by the prophets of Israel foretold !
 Hail to the millions from bondage returning !
 Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
3. Lo ! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
 Streams ever copious are gliding along ;
 Loud from the mountain-top echoes are ringing,
 Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.
4. See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high !
 Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
 Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings, 1830.

54.

L. M.

1. Lord of the harvest! bend Thine ear,
For Zion's heritage appear;
Oh, send forth laborers filled with zeal,
Swift to obey their Master's will!
2. Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold
The ripening harvest tinged with gold;
Wide fields are opening to our view;
The work is great, the laborers few.
3. Under the guidance of Thy hand,
May Zion's sons to every land
Go forth, to bless the dying race,
As heralds of redeeming grace.
4. Bid all their hearts with ardor glow,
The Saviour's dying love to show,
And spread the gospel's joyful sound,
Far as the race of man is found.

Thomas Hastings.

55.

L. M.

1. Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,—
The cross, on which the Saviour died.
2. Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonders of the love divine.
3. Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight;
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4. Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem
And spring immortal into life.
5. Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory, only in the cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

George W. Doane.

56.

11s & 10s.

1. Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness!
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no
more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of
gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
2. Strong were thy foes, but the arm that sub-
dued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier
far;
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge
that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots
of war.
3. Daughter of Zion, the power that hath
saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and timbrel should
be:
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that en-
slaved thee,
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is
free!

Anon., 1830.

57.

L. M.

1. Eternal Father! Thou hast said
That Christ all glory shall obtain ;
That He who once a sufferer bled,
Shall o'er the world, a conqueror, reign.
2. We wait Thy triumph, Saviour King !
Long ages have prepared Thy way ;
Now all abroad Thy banner fling,
Set Time's great battle in array.
3. The hosts are mustered to the field ;
“ The Cross! the Cross !” the battle-call ;
The old grim towers of darkness yield,
And soon shall totter to their fall.
4. On mountain-tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen stand ;
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts, from land to land.
5. Oh, fill thy church with faith and power !
Bid her long night of weeping cease ;
To groaning nations haste the hour,
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

Ray Palmer.

58.

8s, 7s & 4.

1. Christian, see the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky ;
Lo ! the expected day is dawning,
Glorious day-spring from on high ;
Hallelujah !
Hail the day-spring from on high !

2. Zion's Sun, salvation beaming,
 Gilding now the radiant hills,
 Rise and shine, till, brighter gleaming,
 All the world Thy glory fills !
 Hallelujah !
 Hail the day-spring from on high !

3. Lord of every tribe and nation,
 Spread Thy truth from pole to pole !
 Spread the light of Thy salvation,
 Till it shine on every soul !
 Hallelujah !
 Hail the day-spring from on high !

59.

L. M.

1. Jesus ! Thy church, with longing eyes,
 For Thine expected coming waits ;
 When will the promised light arise,
 And glory beam from Zion's gates ?

2. E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
 And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
 Thy words with pleasure we recall,
 And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3. Oh, come and reign o'er every land !
 Let Satan from his throne be hurled ;
 All nations bow to Thy command,
 And grace revive a dying world.

4. Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
 To wait for the appointed hour ;
 And fit us, by Thy grace, to share
 The triumphs of Thy conquering power.

William H. Bathurst, 1831.

60.

6s & 4s.

1. None other name, dear Lord,
 But Thine, we sing ;
To Thee, with one accord,
 Our offerings bring.
None other name we plead
That souls in sin and need
We to Thy side may lead,
 Jesus, our King !
2. None other watchword thrills
 Thy girded host,
Nor hill and valley fills,
 From coast to coast,
With shouts of victory
In joyous strains to Thee ;
With song of captives free,
 And burdens lost.
3. None other name we bear
 To homes unblest,
Where incense fills the air,
 And vain request
To gods of earthly mold ;
Where mothers fain would fold,
From sin's destructive hold,
 Each child in rest.
4. None other name, dear Lord,
 But Thine we sing,
For Thou canst life afford
 And comfort bring.
None other name we plead
That souls in sin and need
We to Thy side may lead,
 Jesus, our King !

J. C. T., 1874.

61.

S. M.

1. Come, Lord! and tarry not ;
Bring the long-looked for day ;
Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay ?
2. Come, for Thy saints still wait :
Daily ascends their sigh ;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come !
Dost Thou not hear the cry ?
3. Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded paradise,—
Creation's second birth.
4. Come and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace ;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of righteousness !

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

62.

S. M.

1. How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !
2. How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !—
“ Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here !”
3. How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found !

4. The Lord makes bare His arm,
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Isaac Wats., 1707.

63.

S. M.

1. Ye messengers of Christ !
His sovereign voice obey ;
Arise, and follow where He leads,
And peace attend your way.

2. The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow ;
Depending on His promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3. Go spread the Saviour's fame ;
And tell His matchless grace
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.

4. Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose ;
The cause is God's and must prevail
In spite of all His foes.

Mrs. Voke, 1806.

64.

C. M.

1. Daughter of Zion ! from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head ;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,—
He calls thee from the dead.

2. Awake, awake, put on thy strength !
Thy beautiful array ;
Thy day of freedom dawns at length,—
The Lord's appointed day.

3. Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth ;
Say to the South,—“ Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O North !”
4. They come ! they come ! thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.
5. Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God His works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

James Montgomery, 1825.

65.

7s & 6s.

1. When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
A second time descended,
In righteousness to reign ?
- 2 Then, from the craggy mountains,
The sacred shout shall fly ;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply :
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the hymn around,
All, hallelujah swelling
In one continued sound.

James Edmestom. 1822.

66.**8s & 7s.**

1. Christians, up ! the day is breaking,
 Gird your ready armor on ;
Slumbering hosts around are waking,
 Rouse ye ! in the Lord be strong !
While ye sleep or idly linger,
 Thousands sink, with none to save ;
Hasten ! Time's unerring finger
 Points to many an open grave.
2. Hark ! unnumbered voices crying,
 "Save us, or we droop and die !"
Succor bear the faint and dying,
 On the wings of mercy fly :
Lead them to the crystal fountain
 Gushing with the streams of life ;
Guide them to the sheltering mountain,
 For the gale with death is rife.
3. See the blest millenial dawning !
 Bright the beams of Bethlehem's star ;
Eastern lands, behold the morning ;
 Lo ! it glimmers from afar ;
O'er the mountain-top ascending,
 Soon the scattered light shall rise,
Till, in radiant glory blending
 Heaven's high noon shall greet our eyes.

E. S. Porter.

67.**H. M.**

1. Gird on Thy conquering sword,
 Ascend Thy shining car,
And march, almighty Lord !
 To wage Thy holy war :
Before His wheels, in glad surprise,
 Ye valleys, rise ! and sink, ye hills !

2. Before Thine awful face
 Millions of foes shall fall,
 The captives of Thy grace,—
 That grace which conquers all :
 The world shall know, great King of kings !
 What wondrous things Thine arm can do.

3. Here, to my willing soul,
 Bend Thy triumphant way ;
 Here every foe control,
 And all Thy power display :
 My heart, Thy throne, blest Jesus, see !
 Bows low to Thee, to Thee alone.

Philip Doddridge, 1736.

68.

8s, 7s & 4.

1. O'er the gloomy hills of darkness.
 Cheered by no celestial ray,
 Sun of righteousness ! arising,
 Bring the bright, the glorious day.
 Send the gospel
 To the earth's remotest bound.

2. Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—
 Grant them, Lord ! the glorious light ;
 And, from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night ;
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.

3. Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel !
 Win and conquer, never cease ;
 May thy lasting, wide dominions,
 Multiply and still increase ;
 Sway Thy sceptre,
 Saviour ! all the world around.

William Williams, 1772.

69.

8s & 7s.

1. Lord of glory! Thou hast bought us,
With Thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging, for the lost ones,
That tremendous sacrifice;
And, with that, hast freely given
Blessings, countless as the sand,
To th' unthankful and the evil,
With Thine own unsparing hand.
2. Grant us hearts, dear Lord! to yield Thee
Gladly, freely, of Thine own;
With the sunshine of Thy goodness,
Melt our thankless hearts of stone,—
Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by Thee, at length believe,
That more happy, and more blessed,
'Tis to give than to receive.
3. Wondrous honor hast Thou given
To our humblest charity,
In Thine own mysterious sentence,—
"Ye have done it unto Me!"
Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee;
But, oh,—best of all Thy graces—
Give us Thine own charity!

Mrs. Alderson, 1868.

70.

S. M.

1. Come, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2. Over our spirits first
Extend Thy healing reign ;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.
3. Come, kingdom of our God !
And make the broad earth Thine ;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.
4. Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree ;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

Johns.

71.

C. M.

1. Jesus, immortal King ! arise ;
Rise and assert Thy sway ;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute bring,
And distant lands obey.
2. Ride forth, victorious Conqueror ! ride,
Till all Thy foes submit ;
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at Thy feet.
3. Send forth Thy word, and let it fly,
This spacious earth around ;
Till every soul, beneath the sun,
Shall hear the joyful sound.
4. From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored ;
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

A. C. Hobart Seymour, 1810.

72.**8s, 7s & 4.**

1. Who but Thou, almighty Spirit!
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but till Thou favor,
Heathen still will be the same:
 Mighty Spirit!
 Witness to the Saviour's name.
2. Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
 Glorious light in latter days:
Come, and bless bewildered nations;
 Change our prayers and tears to praise:
 Promised Spirit!
 Round the world diffuse Thy rays.
3. All our hopes, and prayers, and labors,
 Must be vain without Thy aid,
But Thou wilt not disappoint us;
 All is true that Thou hast said:
 Gracious Spirit!
 O'er the world Thy influence shed.
 “Eriphas,” Eng., 1821.

73.**S. M.**

1. Soldiers of Christ, arise!
 And gird your armor on,—
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
 Through His eternal Son:—
2. Strong, in the Lord of hosts,
 And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.
3. Stand, then, in His great might,
 With all His strength endued,

And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:—

4. That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.
5. Still let the Spirit cry,
In all His soldiers, "Come!"
Till Christ, the Lord, descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

Charles Wesley, 1849.

74.

8s, 7s & 4.

1. Songs anew of honor framing,
Sing ye to the Lord alone ;
All His wondrous works proclaiming,—
Jesus wondrous works hath done ;
Glorious victory
His right hand and arm have won.
2. Now He bids His great salvation
Through the heathen lands be told ;
Spread the news through every nation,
And His acts of grace unfold ;
All the heathen
Shall His righteousness behold.
3. Shout aloud, and hail the Saviour !
Jesus, Lord of all proclaim ;
As ye triumph in His favor,
All ye lands, declare His fame ;
Loud rejoicing,
Shout the honors of His name !

William Goode, 1811.

75.

S. M.

1. O Thou whom we adore !
To bless our earth again,
Assume Thine own almighty power,
And o'er the nations reign.
2. The world's desire and hope.
All power to Thee is given ;
Now set the great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven !
3. A gracious Saviour, Thou
Wilt all Thy creatures bless ;
And every knee to Thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.
4. According to Thy word,
Now be Thy grace revealed ;
And with the knowledge of the Lord,
Let all the earth be filled.

Charles Wesley.

76.

S. M.

1. O Lord, our God ! arise ;
The cause of truth maintain ;
And wide, o'er all the peopled world,
Extend her blessed reign.
2. Thou Prince of life ! arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease ;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.
3. Thou Holy Ghost ! arise,—
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.

4. All on the earth, arise !
 To God, the Saviour, sing ;
 From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
 Let echoing anthems ring !

Ralph Wardlaw, 1803.

77.

6s & 4s.

1. Sound, sound the truth abroad,
 Bear ye the word of God
 Through the wide world ;
 Tell what our Lord has done ;
 Tell how the day is won,
 And, from His lofty throne,
 Satan is hurled.
2. Speed on the wings of love ;
 Jesus, who reigns above,
 Bids us to fly ;
 They who His message bear
 Should neither doubt nor fear ;
 He will their Friend appear ;
 He will be nigh.
3. When on the mighty deep,
 He will their spirits keep,
 Stayed on His word ;
 When in a foreign land,
 No other friend at hand,
 Jesus will by them stand—
 Jesus, their Lord.
4. Ye who, forsaking all,
 At your loved Master's call,
 Comforts resign ;—
 Soon will your work be done ;

Soon will the prize be won ;
 Brighter than yonder sun
 Then shall ye shine.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

78.

C. M.

1. Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands !
 Ye tribes of every tongue !
 His new-discovered grace demands
 A new and nobler song.
2. Say to the nations,—“ Jesus reigns,
 God’s own Almighty Son ;
 His power the sinking world sustains,
 And grace surrounds His throne.”
3. Let heaven proclaim the joyful day ;
 Joy through the earth be seen ;
 Let cities shine in bright array,
 And fields in cheerful green.
4. Let an unusual joy surprise
 The islands of the sea ;
 Ye mountains ! sink ; ye valleys ! rise ;
 Prepare the Lord His way.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

79.

C. P. M.

1. God of the nations ! bow Thine ear,
 And listen to our fervent prayer,
 Through Thy belovéd Son ;
 Build up the kingdom of His grace,
 Amid the millions of our race,
 And make Thy wonders known.
2. Send forth the heralds in His name ;
 Bid them a Saviour’s love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath ;

Till distant lands shall hear the sound,
And send the joyful echoes round,
Amid the shades of death.

3. Oh, let the nations rise, and bring
Their offerings to th' almighty King,
And trust in Him alone !
Renounce their idols, and adore
The God of gods for evermore,
Upon His lofty throne.

Thomas Hastings, 1834.

80.

H. M.

1. O Zion, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high !
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh ;
Cheerful in God, arise and shine,
While rays divine stream all abroad.
2. He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade ;
His all resplendent grace
He pours around thy head ;
The nations round thy form shall view,
With lustre new, divinely crowned.
3. In honor to His name,
Reflect that sacred light
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright ;
Pursue His praise, till sovereign love
In worlds above, the glory raise.

4. There, on His holy hill,
 A brighter Sun shall rise,
 And, with His radiance, fill
 Those fairer, purer skies ;
 While, round His throne, ten thousand stars,
 In nobler spheres, his influence own.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

81.

1. Friends of God, be up and working,
 In the light !
 Plant the seeds of love and duty
 With your might.
 God of heaven, aid and bless them
 In the right !
 Give reward for earnest toil ;
 Give them victory after spoil ;
 Give them hope to pierce the veil ;
 Give them faith that cannot fail ;
 Give a love which changes not ;
 Give a zeal with knowledge fraught ;—
 Father, Son and Spirit, bless them
 In the right !

2. Friends of God, the world is waiting
 For the seed !
 Lo ! within each dreary desert,
 Great's the need !
 God of promise, aid and bless them
 While they sow !
 Give rich harvest for the toil ;
 Bless the seed, and bless the soil ;
 Pour Thy sunshine on the ground ;
 Everywhere may showers abound ;

Call the laborer; give the field :
 Count the sheaves, and own the yield ;
 Father, Son, and Spirit, bless them
 In the work !

Mrs. Ira M. Condit, 1873.

82.

1. Eternal Lord ! whose power
 Can calm the heaving ocean,—
 Exalted Thou,
 Yet gracious bow ;
 Accept our warm devotion.

2. For Thee our all we leave,
 Nor drop a tear of sadness ;
 As on we glide,
 Be Thou our guide,
 And fill our hearts with gladness.

3. We go 'mid pagan gloom,
 To spread the truth victorious ;
 Thy Spirit send,
 Thy word attend,
 And make its triumph glorious.

4. And when our toils are done,
 Smooth Thou the dying pillow ;
 O bring us blest,
 To endless rest,
 Safe o'er death's troubled billow.

Ray Palmer.

83.

1. Come, labor on !
 Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
 While all around him waves the golden
 grain,
 And every servant hears the Master say,
 “ Go, work to-day ?”

2. Come, labor on !
 The laborers are few, the field is wide ;
 New stations must be filled, and blanks
 supplied ;
 From voices distant far or near at home,
 The call is “ Come !”

3. Come, labor on !
 The enemy is watching, night and day,
 To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away ;
 While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
 He slumbereth not.

4. Come, labor on !
 Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear !
 No arm so weak but may do service here :
 By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
 His righteous will.

5. Come, labor on !
 The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure ;
 Blesséd are those who to the end endure ;
 How full their joy, how deep their rest shall
 be,
 O Lord th Thee !

Gloria in Excelsis.

1. Glory be to | God on | high, || and on earth |
peace, good- | will toward | men.
2. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | wor-
ship | Thee, || we glorify Thee, we give
thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.
3. O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the |
Father | Al- | mighty |
4. O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus |
Christ! || O Lord God, Lamb of | God,
Son | of the | Father!
5. That takest away the | sins of the | world, ||
have mercy | upon | us.
6. Thou that takest away the | sins of the |
world, || have mercy | upon | us.
7. Thou that takest away the | sins of the |
world! || re- | ceive our | prayer.
8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God
the | Father! || have mercy | upon | us.
9. For Thou | only art | holy; || Thou | only |
art the | Lord;
10. Thou only, O Christ! with the | Holy |
Ghost, || art most high in the | glory of
God the | Father. || A- | men.

Gloria Patri.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever |
shall be,
World | without | end. A- | men.

DOXOLOGIES.

1.**L. M.**

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow !
 Praise Him, all creatures here below !
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost !

2.**C. M.**

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 One God, whom we adore,
 Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

3.**S. M.**

Ye angels round the throne,
 And saints that dwell below,
 Worship the Father, praise the Son,
 And bless the Spirit too.

4.**7s, 6 lines.**

Praise the name of God most high,
 Praise Him, all below the sky,
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore His praise shall last.

5.**8s & 7s.**

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
 As it was, and is, be given
 Glory through eternal days.

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